Gaurdian Angels &c.

Gaurdian Angels,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The QUEEN of FRANCE's Lamentation.

Tarry Woo.

The Virgin's Choice.

Love and Deſpair.

The Ploughboy turned Soldier.

Entered according to Order.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

GUARDIAN Angels, now protect me!
Send to me the youth I love!
Cupid with thy bow direct me;
Help me all ye powers above.
Bear him my ſighs, ye gentle breezes!
Tell 'tis I love and I deſpair;
Tell him for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live,
O! may the ſhepherd be ſincere!

Thro' the ſhady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night;
Near the brink of yonder fountain,
Where he oft has bleſt my ſight;
Witneſs ye groves, and falls of water
Echoes repeat the vows he ſwore;
Can he forget me?
Will he neglect me?
Shall I never ſee him more?

Does he love, and yet forſake me
To admire a nymph more fair?
If 'tis ſo I'll wear the willow.
And eſteem the happy pair.
Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
Nor more the cares of life purſue,
The lark and philomel,
Only ſhall hear me tell
What makes me bid the world adieu.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE'S LAMENTATION.

GOOD people all both great and ſmall,
that hear my ſtrange relation,
A ſhocking ſhame, a wretched queen,
in this ſad ſituation.

Although in priſon I'm confin'd,
my eyes are dim with weeping,
Yet will the Lord releaſe my troubl'd mind,
who has my ſoul a keeping.

My hair has fallen from my head,
my fleſh hath left its ſtation,
I ſoon will mingle with the dead,
and leave this cruel nation.

I ſeldom with my children walk,
but hears ſome piercing ſtory,
And oft times mingle with their talk,
their Papa's now in glory.

Your father's blood for vengeance cries,
France is in great confuſion,
With glittering ſwords and cannon balls,
it will end with Deſolation.

Like Hamlet's ghoſt I move along,
I ſcarce can ſee my ſhadow,
In dreams I ſee my murdered Lord,
aſcending Jacob's ladder.

Farewel to lilies crowns and gold,
and all this worldly pleaſure,
For ſince to Heaven I hope to fly,
there lieth all my treaſure;

But now obſerve that injur'd queen,
who much deſerves your pity,
Who many months in ſorrow's been.
and thus I end my ditty.

TARRY WOO.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well e'er ye begin.
When 'tis carded, rov'd and ſpun,
Then the wark is haſtens done;
But when woven, dreſt and clean,
It may be cleading for a Queen.

Sing my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep;
Bleating ſweetly as they go,
Through the winter's froſt and ſnow;
Hart and hind, and fallow deer,
Not by ha'f ſo uſeful are:
Frae kings to him that hauds the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye ſhepherds, dance and ſkip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;

Harmleſs creatures, without blame,
That clead the back and warm the wame.
Keeps us warm and hearty fu';
Leeſe me on my tarry woo'

Now happy is a ſhepherd's life!
Far frae courts, and free of ſtrife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer—Mae!
No ſuch muſic to his ear,
Of thief and fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not ev'n a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal ſceptre ſways,
Has not ſweeter holy days.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a ſhepherd lives ſo well;
Sings ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo.

THE VIRGIN's CHOICE.

AS now my bloom comes on a pace,
the ſwains begin to teaze me;
But two, who claim the foremoſt place,
try different ways to pleaſe me.

To judge aright, and chuſe the beſt,
is not ſo ſoon decided;
When both their merits are expreſt,
I may be leſs divided.

Palemon's flock unnumber'd ſtray,
he's rich above all meaſure;
Would I but ſmile be kind and gay,
he'd give me all his treaſure;

But then, our years ſo diſagree—
ſo much as I remember,
It is but May, I'm ſure with me,
with him it is December.

Can I, who ſcarcely am in bloom,
let froſt and ſnow be ſuing?
would ſpoil each rip'ning, joy to come,
bring every charm to ruin.

or dreſs and ſhow to touch my pride,
my little heart is panting;
ut then—there's ſomething elſe beſide,
I ſoon ſhould find was wanting.

hen Colin, thou my heart ſhalt gain,
for thou would ne'er deceive me:
nd gray-hair'd wealth ſhall plead in vain,
for thou haſt moſt to give me;

y fancy paints thee full of charms,
thou looks ſo young and tender,
ove beats his new and fond alarms,
to thee I now ſurrender.

LOVE AND DESPAIR.

WHEN wilt thou break my ſtubborn heart?
O death how ſlow to take my part?
hatever I purſue, denies,
ath, death itſelf, like Myra flies.

Love and deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt,
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt!
No hope could be, her ſcorn was all,
That to my diſtant lot cou'd fall.

I thought, alas! that love cou'd dwell,
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire.

That, without hope, 'twou'd die as ſoon,
A little hope—but I have none:
On air the poor Camelions thrive:
Deny'd even that, my love can live.

As tougheſt trees in ſtorms are bred,
And grow, in ſpite of winds and ſpread;
The more the tempeſt tears and ſhakes,
My love, the deeper root it takes.

Deſpair, that Aconite does prove,
And certain death to other's love,
That poiſon never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turn to food.

O! for what crime is my torn heart,
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs ſmart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie,
In endleſs pain, and never die.

THE PLOUGHBOY TURNED SOLDIER.

A Ploughboy I was once, but a ſolder I am now,
I courted pretty Polly our milk maid I vow,
Her cheeks were like the roſes or bloſſoms in the ſpring,
But now I muſt leave her to ſerve George our King.

O Polly, pretty Polly, tho' I did love you ſo,
To meet the proud Frenchmen they've forced me to go,
Where drums they do beat and cannons they do roar,
Farewel to Old England ſince I muſt leave the ſhore.

Many times my dear Polly I have had thee in my arms
Thou faireſt of creatures I doat on thy charms,
With ſweet melting kiſſes from my hearts delight,
With thee charming Polly I've ſpent many a night.

How delightful's the ploughboy in the morning of ſpring
To plough, ſow, and harrow, and to hear the birds ſing,
He is free from all care when the day labour's o'er,
But a ſoldier muſt fight where the cannons do roar.

For leaving my plough pretty Polly do not weep,
It's an honour and pleaſure to be ploughing the deep,
My fancy doth rove for ſweet liberty,
Along with my comrades all on the ſalt ſea.

Farewel my dear Polly, whom I do adore,
To fight for the King I am going once more,
Tho' there's danger in battle my dear pray for me,
To return back to England my Polly to ſee.

The King he wants ſoldiers as you may ſuppoſe,
To guard you in England and keep back our foes,
Tho' a ploughboy I was once, now a ſoldier I'll fight,
For the honour of my country and King George's right.

Here take this ring Polly, I bought it for thee,
To keep as a token in remembrance of me;
And if it pleaſe God to ſpare me my life,
To return back to England I'll make thee my wife.

Then ſaluting each other he bid her good-by,
Now he is gone into Flanders ſome time for to lie,
Kind heavens protect him, while they croſs the main,
To conquer their enemies and return back again.

FINIS.

AUG